

Touch by CasaByers

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, First Time, Jancy, Sex, This is just smut, it isn't really pwp... but it is smut, jancy needs more smut, nanathan, nancy may seem ooc, there are a lot of acts in here so...

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Summary:

Nancy asks Jonathan to assist her with something important.

Touch

Author's Note:

This isn't beta'd and i hope it's good! Enjoy!

It all happened when Jonathan came over to drop Will off at the Wheelers place. Karen Wheeler had told him that there was something that he had to bring back to his mom, it was in Nancy's room but she wasn't home yet.

She shooed him away and made him go upstairs to retrieve the item.

Jonathan felt weird going into Nancy's room without her being there, but Mrs. Wheeler had sent him in here. He opened her door and looked around, he'd been in here many times before, but again, not alone. He looked around the pink and just overly girly-ness of the room, he liked it, not that he liked all the pink but it was Nancy and he liked pretty much anything that had to do with her.

He sighed and got on his knees and peaked under the bed, it was clean. Save for two small shoe-boxes. Jonathan grabbed one, figured that was it, he opened it to peek inside... bad idea... His eyes got wide, his throat got tight, hands got clammy and his tummy rolled. He was very certain that this wasn't the box Mrs. Wheeler had intended for him to find. Or that Nancy wanted to find for that matter. He glanced at the door, he glanced back at the box. He thought about what he was looking at.

In short, they were sex toys. He was looking at a box of dildos that he was sure Nancy used and it made him get hot all over.

Jonathan suddenly realized he was the creepy pervert everyone thought he was. "Shit." He said and started to put the box away.

"What are you doing?"

Any other day, that voice would be music to his ears. But right now?

Jonathan stood up, and in doing so he dropped the box, in his panic he went to grab the box, missing it, only catching two of its contents.

And there Jonathan stood, holding a dildo in one hand and a tube of lube in the other... this didn't look good.

He froze.

Nancy was looking at him with an expression he couldn't place, she didn't seem angry, she looked confused, horrified, more confused and embarrassed than anything.

When neither spoke for what seemed like hours but was really only seconds... he licked his lips and swallowed, "I... your mom said there was something for my mom up here and she told me to go and get it and I'm so sorry... I didn't, if you never want to speak to me... I understand. Sorry, Nancy." Jonathan spoke quickly and started to leave.

He stopped short and awkwardly handed the dildo back to her before he kept walking to the door.

Nancy was still quiet but she stopped him from leaving by kicking the door shut.

Jonathan froze, okay... he was going to get yelled at... or slapped or she was going to throw him out the window... he deserved it all.

Nancy's first words were the last he thought he'd hear.

"Do you think it's weird?" She asked softly.

Jonathan spun around to face her, he furrowed his brow. "no... wait, what?" he asked.

Nancy was blushing, she knelt to gather the contents that had spilled from the box.

"I've only slept with Steve three times," she started to say. Jonathan holds back an eye roll... he doesn't want to hear this. "But I've never... I've never..." she sighed as she stood up. Nancy turns to Jonathan. "I've never had an orgasm." She finally says.

Jonathan's mouth is dry. Thoughts float through his mind, inappropriate thoughts. He opens his mouth but nothing comes out.

What is he supposed to say? So, he shifts awkwardly and then runs a hand through his hair before he stuffs both in his jeans pockets.

Nancy is looking at him, she looks desperate, and a little sad.

"I'm sorry... I'm not mad." She says quickly. She flops onto her bed. She sighs, looks at the box of objects.

Jonathan is debating on just leaving, he finally decides to just man up. He lets out a breath. "Have you um..." he pauses and she looks up at him, eyes wide. "Have you been able to with these?" He asks as he motions to them.

Nancy shakes her head, "no." she said it so softly, he almost didn't hear.

Jonathan was still nervous. But he took another step and then he gingerly sat on the edge of her bed. Not close, he didn't want to invade her space.

"So... um... where did you even get these?" Jonathan asked. He was confused. There wasn't even a store like this in Hawkins...

Nancy blushed. I got them over time... ordered one from a catalogue." She said.

Jonathan nodded, he licked his lips. This was a weird conversation to be having but also... he was a little excited to be having it.

"Maybe you're not doing it right." Was what he said, the look Nancy gave him made him want to throw himself out the window. He blinked. "No I meant... my dad used to buy me magazines to read... I read a few--dirty magazines," he paused. "He said it would make me "more of a man" or something," he took in a short breath, "they used them sometimes."

He felt hot in the face and like he needed to remove some clothing. He looked at her.

"Do you still have them?" She asked.

"Threw them away. They weren't my... I didn't enjoy them and

thought they were demeaning towards women." He said softly. "Contrary to school's rumor mill, I do like girls... I just haven't..." he took in a deep breath.

Nancy looked at him, "it's okay, Jonathan it's okay," Nancy reached and squeezed his knee. They'd been friends for over a year now, they knew a lot about each other.

Jonathan looked away and nodded, he was red and embarrassed.

Nancy stood up and walked to her closet. She shuffled through for a bit before she turned around with a book. "So, I got this from the library." She said as she sat back down next to him.

Jonathan looked at the cover in her lap. It was a book about sex. He looked up at her with a slightly startled look on his face.

Nancy blushed a little bit, she opened the book and flipped through a few pages. "So, I've been reading through this but none of these work without a partner." Nancy said as she met Jonathan's eyes again.

Jonathan slowly nods, but he isn't even sure why, he also realizes he is leaning towards her and he stops. "that's... unfortunate." Is all he can think to say.

Nancy nods, "I was thinking, actually a lot, and I didn't know how to ask you," she closed the book and held it in her lap. she looked down at her hands, even more shy. That intrigued Jonathan, he waited for her to speak. "maybe you could help me?" she asked and she looked up.

Jonathan's heart feels like it stops, he swallows audibly and looks away from her.

Nancy feels a little panicked, "you don't have to... I don't"

"No lets... let's try it." Jonathan looks at her, his voice still soft, he still sounds nervous. "I mean... I want to help you." He says, trying to keep his breathing calm.

Nancy smiles, "okay... we'll have to plan it around when my family is out of the house..." she started to think of when they would be gone

and could leave her.

“my place.” Jonathan says, he breaks her from her thoughts and looks back at him, “this weekend, my mom, Will and Bob are going fishing, I’m working so I couldn’t go.”

Nancy smiles a little bit more, “okay, maybe stop by and pick me up when you get home from work?” she asks.

“Saturday at 7pm... I’ll be home...” he whispers.

Nancy squeezes his knee again, “okay, I’ll see you Friday.” Nancy says.

Jonathan nods and stands up, “I should get going.” He juts his thumb back towards the door.

Nancy nods, still smiling that sweet smile at him. She then gets up, she walks to her desk, and retrieves a cook book, she hands it to Jonathan. “for you mom.” She says as he takes it.

“Right, thanks.” He’s about to turn away and head to the door, because if he doesn’t he’ll just stand there and stare at her.

Nancy grabs his hand and stops him, he’s thrown off for a moment and looks down and then he feels her soft lips press against his. It’s quick and light but he feels like he’s been electrocuted. He looked at Nancy as she blushes more and smiles.

She gently pushes him out of her room before he can even begin to form a sentence. He’s walking down the stairs, getting in his car and driving home before he even realizes what he’s agreed to.

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Saturday comes up fast, so fast he barely has time to call and swap shifts with Rick at work. And now he’s at home, standing in his living room that he’d just finished vacuuming.

He’d spent the whole day trying to make everything perfect, and trying not to think about what she wanted to do... and what he was supposed to do. Or the implications of this. Was this a onetime thing?

Of course, it was... she wouldn't want to repeat this with him. But he'd brushed those thoughts aside and kept getting ready.

He took a longer shower than normal, he'd changed his sheets, made his bed and even set out one of his clean t-shirts for her to wear... if she wanted to stay the night... why would she?

He looked at his watch and realized it was time. He double checked his home and then he walked out the front door to pick Nancy Wheeler up.

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The drive back from the Wheelers was quiet, Nancy had said hello as she climbed into his car, he smiled back at her, he noticed she had an overnight bag and he didn't want to think of the implications of that. She seemed happy.

So when they stepped through the threshold of his little house, Nancy walked back to his room, Jonathan removed his jacket and followed her back.

"Hey, did you um... want anything to drink?" he asked, trying to act casually about all of this.

Nancy had set her bag on the edge of his bed and she was pulling items from it, he moved to stand next to her, hands stuffed in his jeans pockets.

He watched as she pulled out a towel and unrolled it, revealing her small collection of toys. Jonathan felt a little light headed. He watched as she pulled the book out and then she set the bag at the foot of his bed.

"How do you want to start?" Nancy asked, she said it so casually, but she was starting to take off her own jacket and pull her sweater over her head. The sweater and the jacket ended up on his desk chair and she was now before him in her bra and her jeans.

Jonathan looked her over, "um... I guess... pick something from the book?" he had no idea how to even start this. He felt warm all over and was trying to calm down.

This was really happening.

Nancy stepped closer to him, “what do you want to do?” she asked softly.

Jonathan breathed in, “to touch you,” he breathed out the words. He felt embarrassed for admitting such a thing

Nancy nodded, “okay... we’ll start with the toys then.” she turned to his bed and started to take her jeans off. She looked back over her shoulder, “you should at least take your shirt off.” She gave him a once over.

Jonathan took his boots off and stripped off both of his shirts, he had been keeping his eyes down, trying not to watch her get undressed.

He debated on removing his jeans, had then unbuttoned and unzipped, he glanced back at Nancy and his mouth went dry, she was sitting on his bed, legs folded in the lotus style, in her underwear as she flipped through the book

He decided to leave the jeans on, but suddenly he felt self-conscious about his own body, he awkwardly stood there, waiting for her to tell him what to do.

Nancy looked up at him, she patted the spot next to her, he nodded his head and crawled onto his bed and sat next to her near the head.

Nancy looked at him shyly, “there are two things that I wanted to try,” she sounded oddly nervous as she gently passed the book to him.

Jonathan furrowed his brow and looked at the pages, his eyes went a little wide as he looked at the illustrations and read some of the directions.

“You don’t have to...” Nancy started to say.

He looked back at her, she was just as nervous as he was, and that made him feel a little bit better. he closed the book and set it on his night stand, “I want to.” His voice was low.

Nancy looked at him with her wide eyes, she leaned closer to him and pressed her lips to his. He pressed back.

He didn't think kissing would be involved, it was so intimate, but he wasn't going to stop it. If she wanted to kiss him, he was going with it. She was sweet and smelled good and her skin was soft and her lips got him excited.

And he was quick to find out that his lack of knowledge was going to get in the way, when his nose bumped her nose and she pulled away giggling.

"Sorry," he dropped his head and his hair fell into his face.

Nancy shook her head with a blush before she removed her bra quickly, and then she scooted down the bed, laying on her back.

Jonathan's eyes went wide, "Nancy..." he murmured her name, his jeans were suddenly too tight.

"we can get back to the kissing after... if you want to." She reached over to pull him on top of her.

He happily obliged.

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Nancy couldn't believe that she finally had him on top of her, she gasped when his chest brushed her nipple. She was excited and couldn't wait.

"the book said that foreplay beforehand will lead to the best climax," Nancy whispered the words so she wouldn't spook him. He was hovering over her, propped up by his forearms, his eyes locked on her breasts.

"foreplay?" Jonathan asked, he almost seemed to be analyzing her breasts. Which she found to be adorable.

Nancy reached for the book again and flipped to a page she had dog-eared. "yes, any sort of stimulation to the body beforehand, like playing with my boobs or sing your tongue." She ran her hand

through his hair when she said that.

He nodded, he looked nervous, “Jonathan, you don’t have to...” she started to say but he shook his head and pressed a kiss to the center of her chest.

Nancy set the book down, she laid back and kept her hand in his hair as his sweet mouth pressed soft kisses along her abdomen, his hands were on her hips and his tongue would dart out to taste her skin.

Nancy had never felt such sensations, she was already excited, already ready. But the buildup was worth it.

When he dipped his tongue into her navel, she made a little squeak sound of surprise, she looked down and he was grinning at her slightly, his face was flushed and his hair was messy, all just from kissing her skin. That did her in, she quickly started to shove her panties down her hips.

Jonathan helped as he sat back on his legs and helped her get them off, he tossed them aside and then he looked down at her.

Nancy was suddenly very self-aware of herself, she started to close her legs, “again, you don’t have to... it’s just a fantasy I have.” She admitted.

Jonathan placed a hand on her knee, he met her eyes, “I want to... but only if you want to.” He was so sweet.

Nancy nodded and she squeezed her eyes shut.

“the book also said you should relax.” Jonathan said gently. She rolled her eyes, but she stopped squeezing her eyes shut.

She waited, felt him shift on the bed and then felt his shoulders brush her inner thighs, she bit her bottom lip, waited, felt his hot breath on her most intimate part. Her hand found his hair and she ran her fingers through the soft locks.

And then he pressed a kiss to her center, just below the bundle of nerves. She let out a whimper, he did it again.

His hot wet tongue swiping over her made her back arch, his lips wrapping around her clit made her jump and when he started to suck, she could barely stand it.

She spread her legs further apart and she looked down at him, the sight alone was enough to nearly bring her over the edge.

He was careful, tender and thorough and when his large hands came up to rest on her hips and hold her in place, she knew she was in for a long night.

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Nancy's head was tossed back, her mouth was open and her eyes were squeezed shut as she shuddered lightly, her arms were around Jonathan's neck, holding herself upright as she straddled his lap with her knees on the mattress. the low humming from the toy was the only sound aside from her soft whimpers. Jonathan sat with his back against the headboard, his arm around her body, hand splayed across her lower back, his other hand was gripping the toy, holding it against her most sensitive part. his eyes were first just staring as she shuddered, as her legs shook and she lightly ground against the vibrator. but he drew his eyes up her torso, and watched as she slowly came undone. he was hard, his dick lightly bounced against his stomach. but this wasn't about him, it was about her. and damn it he was okay with that.

Nancy dropped her head to his shoulder, she breathed heavily, "press harder," she whispered. he did as he was told and that did her in, the pleasure was too much and she came, screaming his name into his shoulder. she fell back onto the mattress and Jonathan set the toy aside, switching it off. he watched her as she tried to catch her breath, she was covered in a sheen of sweat, her hair was a mess and she was smiling. she was beautiful.

Nancy peaked down at him, she bit her bottom lip, "come here." she whispered.

Jonathan didn't hesitate, he quickly crawled over her, hovered until she pulled him down on top by wrapping her arms around his neck as she hugged him to her, she ran her fingers through his hair and let

him settle between her thighs. she hummed happily. "I want to thank you properly," she murmured into his ear before she kissed the shell.

Jonathan shuddered, "you don't have to... I'm happy to help." Jonathan whispered back. he was just enjoying being held by her, he enjoyed pleasuring her, he enjoyed doing anything with her. even though he was painfully aroused and needed something and it didn't help that he was currently pressed between her slick folds.

Nancy kissed his cheek, "let me thank you." she whispered again, she gently pushed him up and Jonathan reluctantly removed himself from her, he sat back against the headboard as she sat up, she was biting her bottom lip and he wanted to suck it into his mouth. he was expecting a hand job... not that he had gotten any before, but it made sense to him, although he had hoped he could be buried inside of her by now, but it didn't seem to be something she wanted and he was okay with that.

Nancy crawled up to him, she got as close as her knees would allow and he spread his legs a bit to accommodate her. she pressed a kiss to his lips, a soft one that was slow and she took her time, Jonathan let her lead, he placed his hands on her hips. the soft kisses turned a little deeper when her tongue slid into his mouth, he groaned softly. but she pulled away and he tried to chase and she stopped him with her hand to his chest, she smiled at his little pout. she leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his chest.

Jonathan shut his eyes and relaxed. he liked this. he liked how soft her lips were on his skin, how she pressed gentle kisses across his chest, she took a nipple into her mouth and he gasped, not expecting that. she kissed down his stomach and Jonathan gripped the sheets. and then his eyes popped open and he looked down once he realized what exactly she was doing. "Nancy-" he started to say, his voice caught in his throat and he was helpless as she looked back up at him, she had scooted down enough so she could bend over him and she kept her eyes on his as she took the tip of his dick into her mouth.

his head shot back and slammed into the wall, the pain of that was quickly replaced by the pleasure of her lightly sucking on his tip. feeling bold, Nancy slid more of him into her mouth, he bucked his

hips and she took him in more. she started to bob her head up and down, finishing with a light suck.

He was not expecting this, her mouth was so hot and wet that he felt like he was going to explode, it was the sucking that was doing him in, he loved that, was overwhelmed by that and he resisted the urge to grab her hair by clinging to the sheets.

Jonathan was turning red, his eyes were squeezed shut, he was panting, she knew he was close. she sucked a little bit harder on the tip before she pulled away.

Jonathan's eyes shot open, he looked a combination of angry, confused and aroused. Nancy didn't let him sit too long, she quickly crawled back into his lap, straddled his thighs and gripped him in her hand, lightly pumping him. she was face to face with him, their eyes locked, "what do you want to do to me?" she asked in a whisper.

Jonathan's jaw was tight, holding in any noise as she slowly pumped him. "I want to fuck you." he finally breathed out, he almost sounded angry. Nancy's eyes got wide with his choice of words, but she started to nod and then she leaned forward and kissed him with an intense kiss. he nearly growled as he wrapped an arm around her waist, he lifted her up, moved them both and she ended up on her back, he was on top of her and in one swift movement, he was inside of her.

She gasped, he groaned and he didn't hesitate to start to move. his hips smacked against hers in quick, unpracticed thrusts, Nancy was already tender from earlier so she was getting close herself.

It didn't last too long, both far beyond ready, he was able to give her a few more solid thrusts before his head reared back, his eyes were squeezed shut and he finally came, "Nancy..." he let out between gasps.

Nancy had her fourth orgasm that night as she came right after him, watching him come undone put her over the edge. she was truly out of breath and spent.

Jonathan quickly dropped over her, weak and satiated, himself. He

started to pepper her neck with soft kisses. Nancy sighed happily, enjoying the cuddling from him. she thought he would be sleepy, but he started to kiss down her body, nuzzling her breasts then her stomach.

she ran her fingers through his hair and was ready to gently tell him that she was too sore for more of that, but he had already stopped and was resting his head on her stomach, his hands gripping her hips and keeping her close. She closed her eyes, liking him there, he was warm and running her fingers through his hair made her happy.

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Jonathan had awoken maybe an hour after he'd fallen asleep, a blanket was across his back, Nancy's fingers were resting on his shoulders. When he had carefully untangled himself from her, he made sure to put the blanket and sheets around so she was cozy. He smiled slightly and grabbed some clothes and left his room.

He had been sitting in the living room sipping some tea for the last hour. He'd been trying to figure out whatever the future was going to be. But he felt a little ill, he knew she'd only wanted him to help... it didn't mean as much to her as it had to him. He sighed. He was okay with that, at least he had enjoyed it.

He shut his eyes and thought about what they had done. He'd enjoyed all of it. He let out a shuddered breath and smiled a little bit.

He heard her stir in his room, she called his name lightly. He let out a sigh and made his way back.

He found her sitting up, a mess of blankets and sheets around her, she looked over at him and smiled.

"How long have you been up?" She asked as she adjusted the sheet.

Jonathan watched her and felt weak and like he was about to lose her forever. "For about an hour," he replied.

She nodded and then she motioned for him to come closer. He did as

told and she ended up pulling him down by his hand and onto the bed. He laid down on his side and watched as she got re-situated and she scooted closer.

Jonathan was waiting for it... waiting to be rejected. He was thinking of saying it first. Maybe he could...

Nancy leaned forward and pecked his lips. She sighed and ran her hands along his exposed chest under his shirt that he hadn't tried to button.

"I was thinking, I really like you and you're my best friend... maybe we should..." she hesitated, suddenly shy.

Jonathan's heart nearly stopped. "really?" he asked. "I thought this was a... onetime thing." Now he felt stupid.

Nancy shook her head, "of course not... and not just because of the sex... but everything else." She smiled, shy again and leaned forward and kissed her. She kissed him back deepening the kiss.

Jonathan pulled back, "I should make you breakfast." he said suddenly. he pressed another kiss to her lips, and crawled from the bed.

Nancy was confused and then she laughed lightly. she sat up and looked around the floor for her discarded clothes.

Jonathan walked back in and grabbed his folded shirt from his dresser, he laid it on the bed beside her before he left the room again.

Nancy grabbed up the shirt. She sighed happily and couldn't wait to get rid of the book, she wouldn't be needing it.

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Fin